

The Saturday News

VOL. VII, No. 18

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1912.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

It is needless to observe that there has been one event which has thrown every other into insignificance during the past week. Under the shadow cast by such a disaster as the sinking of the Titanic, with the universal sorrow and dread that it brings, we are brought to realise how foolish and little worth while are the ordinary interests of the great public.

It has meant a deep sense of personal loss to hundreds of men and women scattered throughout the civilized world. It has robbed the life of Britain and America of several men who were exerting an influence of the most far-reaching character. It has shown us how little rank and wealth and reputation count for in the great crises that we have to face in our short pilgrimage through life.

The loss and suffering have been horrible. But much worse than these would the revelation have been that in the face of grave danger a great tradition had been destroyed. There is something worse than death, and when on Thursday evening the false story was sent out that the captain and first officer of the Titanic had killed themselves after the collision, that men had to be shot down to keep them from crowding into the life-boats before the women and children had been given places there, and that general pandemonium reigned, all felt that this was infinitely worse than if every person on board had gone to the bottom.

Fortunately the despatch was soon found to have no foundation in fact and though, when this is written, much information has yet to be given as to what actually happened, it is clear that there were few who did not quit themselves like men. The example left by those on the Birkenhead was not lost, and the familiar lines of our schooldays readily recur to memory—

To die—'twas hard while the sleek ocean glowed
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:
"All to the boats" cried one—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir;
That base appeal we heard but heeded not;
On land and sea we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England that we fought
With shameful strength unhonored life to seek
Into mean safety; mean deserters bought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back and yet again;
Whilst inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What followed, why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others under surf.

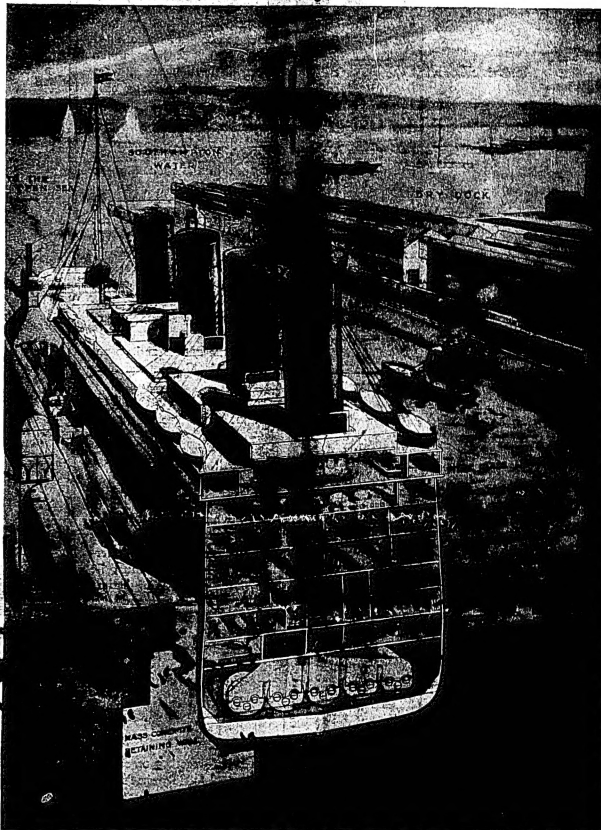
It was just half a century ago in February that the Birkenhead went down off the coast of Africa. The world has moved since that time. So much has it done so in respect to ocean travel that this, along the main avenues of communication at least, was supposed to have lost its terrors. Its builders said that the Titanic could not sink under any circumstances. If an accident should befall her the wireless could speedily bring help. The possibility of such a calamity as has taken place never entered the mind of anybody.

It is this which makes it so overwhelmingly tragic. In the old days when our grandfathers spent two or three months on a sailing vessel in crossing to America, they and their friends understood the risk that they were undergoing, and if anything went wrong they were all in a measure prepared for it. But many years of good-fortune have dissipated this feeling. In the pride of achievement we have under-rated the forces of nature. Byron would not have ventured during the past thirty years to write of the ocean that "man's control stopped at her shores." Henceforth we shall understand that his lines are still in a large measure true.

The outstanding evil of the present generation is the desire to move from place to place at the greatest possible rate of speed. The man who does not share it is described as an old fogey. If he says he prefers a walk in the country to a joy-ride in a motor car he is told that he ought not to have survived into the twentieth century.

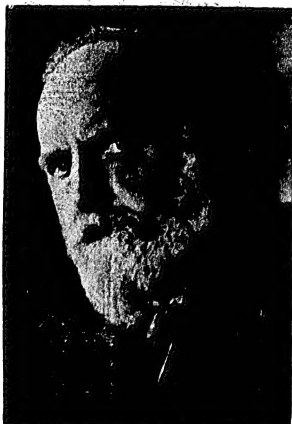
The same spirit is manifested in other ways. To how many do the slow but sure methods of gain-

The Ill-Fated Liner



Sketch Showing the Elaborate Interior Construction of the Titanic

Mr. W. T. Stead



The Veteran Editor of the English Review of Reviews, who went to his death with the Titanic

ing a competency appeal as compared with the get-rich quick methods with which we are all too familiar?

The parallel may easily be carried further. But it is not necessary. The truth is quite apparent to everyone, and it is only by great disasters, both in a public and a private way, that a reversion to rational methods can be brought about.

Henceforward, for a time at least, ocean navigation will have greater terrors to the traveller, but it will really be much safer than in the past. The captain of the Titanic must have known that he was taking great risks in going at full speed through an ice field. But he over-rated the withstanding power of his ship, and he knew that his reputation rested on his carrying out the explicit instructions that were given him to break a record for the initial voyage.

We all know what this would have meant in attracting business, and it is useless to blame either him or his superior officers for doing all that they could to please the public. The latter knows that exceedingly fast travel on both land and sea is less safe than slower speed. But it demands the former at all costs, and it has to stand the consequences.

When the news came of the collision the interview with Captain Smith gave five years ago when bringing a new steamship into the port of New York for the first time was recalled.

"When anyone asks me how I can best describe my experiences of nearly forty years at sea, I merely say 'uneventful.' Of course there have been winter gales and storms, and fog and the like, but in all my experience I have never been in an accident of any sort worth speaking of.

"I have seen but one vessel in distress in all my years at sea, a brig, the crew of which was taken off in a small boat in charge of my third officer. I never saw a wreck and never have been wrecked, nor was I ever in any predicament that threatened to end in disaster of any sort.

"The love of the ocean that took me to sea as a boy," he added, "has never left me. In a way, a certain amount of wonder never leaves me, especially as I observe from the bridge the vessel plunging up and down in the trough of the seas fighting her way through and over great waves. A man never outgrows that."

Captain Smith maintained that shipbuilding was such a perfect art nowadays that absolute disaster, involving the passengers on a great modern liner, was quite unthinkable. Whatever happened, he contended, there would be time before the vessel sank to save the lives of every person on board.

"I will go further," he said. "I will say that I cannot imagine any condition which could cause a ship to founder. I cannot conceive of any vital disaster happening to this vessel." Modern shipbuilding has gone beyond that.

Could anything better serve to illustrate what has already been said of the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself?"

Of the men who went down with the Titanic, the loss of Mr. Charles M. Hays means most to Canada. It is a commonplace saying that no man is so great that he cannot be replaced. It is foolish in the extreme. It is true that some one else takes up his work in most cases. Where he is part of a huge machine, this is a necessity. But men of commanding ability are too hard to secure for the interests in their charge not to suffer severely when they are suddenly removed from the scene. This will certainly prove the case with Mr. Hays. Those who were Canadians twenty years ago know what a tremendous change he brought about in the old Grand Trunk. His mismanagement did more than almost anything else to give the country a bad reputation with the British investor and the energy and foresight which he showed in his administration has been of national consequence.

To the many whose opinions have been formed in regard to imperial and international affairs very largely by what he has written of them, the most anxious concern was felt in regard to the fate of Mr. W. T. Stead. He was a great journalist, a man of most remarkable force of character. It is a strange coincidence that in the last number of the Review of Reviews to arrive, the leading article is a sketch from the pen of Mr. Stead of Lord Paeris, the builder of the Titanic, to whose genius a warm tribute is paid. After a life filled with stirring scenes, it was not unbiting that it should have been terminated under such conditions. It is quite certain that in the final test he showed the same fine free spirit and the same unflinching courage as he did at all stages of his adventurous career as a man of letters in facing the frowns of the great and in championing the cause of what was honorable and true and just.



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The Mirror

Life is a mirror—try smiling at it

ILLUSION

By Josephin Morris King.

Hush, lest the Dreamer wake. From that dear Dream.

Into some other he must straightway pass
Which no such comfort brings. In the Soul's glass
We darkly see, things not that are, but seem.

By Visions veiled, mysteriously kind,
Men look upon Life's awful Janus face—
So ghastly grim, so bright with starry grace.
We mortals else had long gone mad, or blind.

Thus men have ever lived—must go. And you—
Who see Life sad, unchanged, ever bare
Save draped by deathless Pity—leave despair.
Your Dream may be, that you can see things true.

A week was surely never ushered in under more harrowing circumstances than last Monday, with its fearful tidings of the loss of the giant White Star steamer Titanic. The tragedy is international. The vague reports that have reached us thus far, so appalling in the mere simple statement of fact, that the nations may be said to be literally aghast, their breath held pending further details.

No war or tragedy of modern times can equal in sorrow and far-reaching effects the going down of this monster leviathan, will undoubtedly bring about.

Up to the present (Wednesday) no names have been published as rescued, of any of the prominent men and empire builders on board. The passenger list included several who are world-famous. All who seem to have been saved are "the women and children," with a few stray men to manage the boats. Death is no respecter of persons. When the dread call is sounded a John Jacob Astor and a steerage passenger are all one.

In that supreme moment the man of character comes into his own. Success and Failure, as we have known them, change places. It is a mighty shifting. According to our man standards there were men aboard the nations could ill afford to lose. World figures, so far as we now know, they took their chance in the end like men, trading on no position, no power, or circumstance, so that of them it may be truly said, as of those other heroes on board, "nothing in all their life became them like the leaving of it." One can imagine those heart-breaking last moments on board, when the final leave-takings took place, and the women and children put off in the boats.

Life is so sweet. Love so much to be desired. Death so inevitable.

But one cannot dwell on the picture. Once again, men have demonstrated their manhood, and in the final test have offered themselves a willing sacrifice for those dependent on them.

It may seem a strange thought at this time, but it somehow seems to me, that so long as chivalry lives, and women are content to accept the first places in the boat, that I can never have any patience with women who fight for "equal rights."

Since the knights tilted in the lists for their lady-loves, men have taken their places cheerfully on the

firing line; have been facing death without a whimper. It should be shoulder to shoulder or nothing. Yet in the Titanic disaster, in place of the men who have made the world ring with their fame, went forth timid, ordinary women, whose lives were only of value to the home circle which held them dear. What an inspiring picture have you not here! What a nobility does it not create!

What loyalty and devotion do not we women owe to men as men because in the reckoning, so many of them come through the fire "tried, and not found wanting."

For those who mourn to-day, the heart of the world will beat with profoundest sympathy. We are one in a common grief.

I see that the McCaig investigation has given place to other civic scandals. Amongst the self-respecting city employees, there is an epidemic of resignation.

Bully for those who have the get up and go not to remain long enough to get themselves and their characters besmirched.

There is something wrong in the State of Denmark, otherwise men do not willingly flee a city's service.

What is it? Who is it?
Whereabouts is that little nigger in the fence?
How does he jump so quickly from one department to another?

Who pulls the strings "behind the scenes" of this Punch and Judy performance?

As far as furnishing amusement goes, the entertainment is an excellent one, but there must be some "bad actors" in the show, and it is high time that others filled their places, and that the city should settle down to serious business. So many of the aldermen seem to have motives all, all their own. They are no good on combination work. They have the investigating bee in their bonnets.

I am sure I don't know why, but affairs seemed to proceed much more smoothly "in the old days," when there were not so many cooks dabbling in the pie.

How is it going to end?

Soon there won't be a self-respecting or competent man in the city's employ. Probably that's what the City Fathers are after, then they can use their own "tools."

Why it seems only enough for a man to be elected an alderman for him to swell at once to the importance of a Rajah of Bhong.

They get "above" themselves. Some one will have to slam down the lid. Lord love us when the "Dook" comes. It's scant deference he'll be getting handed out from our local potatoes.

What's nobody's business is everybody's curiosity.

As an Everybody I want to know what's what.

When will the power plant cease to trouble, the street sprinkler get to work, the departments work in harmony, the aldermen attend to their proper duties, and us poor public be at rest?

I hear that I was "announced" to write up the Calgary Horse Show for this week.

That makes me mad.

I don't like being "announced." Sounds too

WANTS YARDAGE AT FORT GEORGE

CANADIAN NORTHERN NOW TURNS ATTENTION TO "HEART OF B. C."

OTHERS ALSO INTERESTED

Alteration of Charter Effected in Order That Route May Be Changed

FORT GEORGE, April 8.—Advices received here within the past few days from Ottawa indicate that the movement of the government of British Columbia to guarantee the bonds of a road from Fort George to Vancouver has had a stimulating effect on one of the other railways now being built in the Pacific Coast province, the Canadian Northern, which is now making preparations to rush construction through the Yellowhead pass and down by way of Fort George to the coast.

The first indication of this came a week or so ago in the House of Commons when Hon. W. T. White, minister of finance, put through a resolution affecting certain securities of the Canadian Northern Railway company.

Route Is Changed

In 1910 certain bond guarantees were given by the Dominion to assist the Mackenzie and Mann interests to build a line one hundred and fifty miles westerly from Edmonton. The original plan had been to build westerly from Edmonton one hundred and sixteen miles to Wolf Creek and then turn southwesterly to the Brazeau coal areas. The securities were accordingly issued by the federal government on this basis.

Later the railway showed an inclination to change its plans, and when it became generally known that the British Columbia government would assist an independent company to build from Fort George to Vancouver this inclination became definite. The intention of the Canadian Northern being to rush through the Yellowhead pass, through Fort George and down to the coast in an endeavor to secure first bid on the traffic of the rich area the route will open.

Government Guarantees

Accordingly, a little over a week ago Hon. Mr. White put through legislation making the government guarantee of 1910 apply to the first one hundred and fifty miles of direct main line construction of the Canadian Northern from Edmonton to the Yellowhead pass and on to Fort George and the coast.

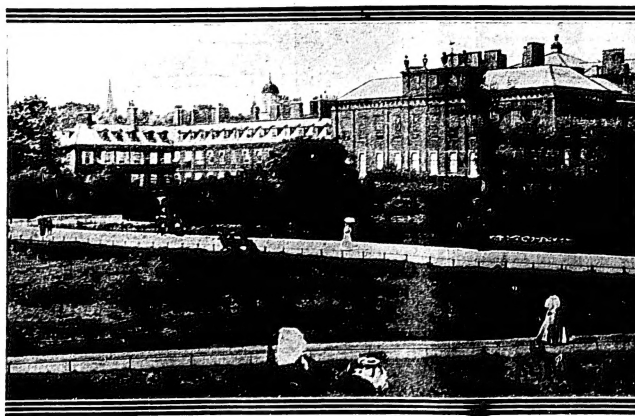
Since the resolution was passed by the house there has been considerable talk both in local and Montreal railway circles of yardage arrangements at Fort George between the C. N. R. and the C. P. R. The former road has control of the Indian reserve adjoining Fort George to the east, and by a recent order of the Dominion railway commission, the Grand Trunk Pacific station will be located on the western side of this reservation. On account of this decision by the commission, it is said the Canadian Northern has taken steps toward making sure of station and yardage facilities at Fort George and already has entered into negotiations with the Grand Trunk Pacific for that purpose.

But, complications have arisen in the shape of similar moves on the part of other railway companies which are looking to tap the Fort George country in the near future, and it is altogether likely the whole matter will be referred to the railway commission to apportion to each road its lands on the Indian reserve now held by the G. T. P. This, in all likelihood, will mean the swallowing up of practically the entire reservation by the different transportation companies and will preclude the possibility of any extensive private building on that tract.

Demand for Yardage

It is reported authoritatively here that the other companies wishing station facilities on the west end of the Fort George reserve and extensive yardage room are the C. P. R., which will come through the Yellowhead pass off the Alberta Central line; the McArthur line, from the lower prairies to the Peace river district and back south again through northern B. C. to Fort George; and the B. C. and Alaska.

The latter company will recently held only a British Columbia charter and was looked upon as a more or less dead issue. Lately, however, the charter passed into fresh hands, and the new owners, it is reported about the parliament buildings, have gone after a Dominion charter to enable them to make Fort George their southern terminus and build northwesterly into prairie territory. The old line was laid out from Vancouver to Fort George, from which point it doubled back towards the Pacific coast in a northeasterly direction, but this will be abandoned for the new route.



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much like "What is the name please?" at a Government House reception.

I wanted to do it in my own way without the sound of the trumpets. Then I could have left out "to the blare of a magnificent band, with thousands of lights gleaming, feathers waving, proud horse flesh stepping, and a building crowded to the doors," etc., etc., the Great Calgary Horse Show of 1912 burst into glory." Because so much of all this stereotyped description was so literally true in this instance.

It was a "ripping" show.

Mr. Freddie Lowes and Mr. Andrew Laidlaw both pronounced it as good as anything ever pulled off in all of Canada, and I am sure that had you all been there and seen the grand parade of prize-winners you would have individually echoed the sentiment.

The new Horse Show building is a very fine one, and almost perfect in its arrangements, the only fault I heard found being that after each class was held the horses, all heated up by their exertions, had to be driven out of a side door into the chilly night air, before being able to be blanketed and taken to the stables.

This I am sure they will soon remedy. The box arrangements are excellent, and from every seat in the vast building there is a good view of what is going on in the big arena.

I am not going to attempt to tell you of all the

Sparrow and Mrs. Sisley, are other riders and drivers who always have the crowd with them, and Mrs. Sisley carried off the red ribbon in her class, and looked very smart into the bargain.

I noticed Mr. Auld, of Edmonton, flourishing a blue ribbon, and also Miss Auld driving in one event.

Mr. Geo. Bremner was another home bird who did the Capital City credit. He had one beautiful young bay stallion that elicited any amount of admiration.

I noticed Miss Margaret Cuthbert one afternoon and evening, sizing up the horses with a critical eye. She is a fine horse woman herself and I should have liked to have seen her in the ring.

Baron Roels is another Calgarian whose horses are only less popular than himself. He is a young Belgian, who until recently was part owner in the Belgian horse ranch near High River. His every appearance was greeted with rounds of applause; he rides most of his own entries, and his horses were the best schooled animals shown.

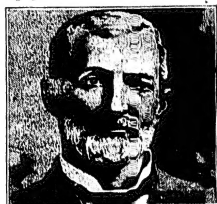
Mr. Goddard, a brother of Mr. O. Goddard, who used to be in Edmonton, had a great many entries, and put up a splendid battle for first place for his horses. Against the Lowes' entries it was of course a losing fight for the red, but he went home with a fine string of ribbons to his stable's credit.

A great deal of amusement and excitement was caused by a cowboy class, who dashed around the

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See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 50c. At druggists, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-Active Limited, Ottawa.

INTERESTING TYPES OF YEARS GONE BY

Mr. Leslie Ward, the caricaturist, who has been famous for nearly forty years as "Spy," has been complaining that the interesting types of years gone by are not to be found nowadays.

"I found some splendid subjects," he said, "in the old days in the lobby of the House of Commons. Nowadays you do not find the interesting types you used to see. Here is old Lord Winchester, taking his sun off, carrying an umbrella under his arm, with sandy gloves, the same color as his hair—a wonderful type. Such people do not exist to-day.

"Then there was Bradlaugh. I remember him, a massive man, coming in in a very breezy way and saying to me, 'Well, Mr. Ward, what do you want me to do, to stand on my head or on my heels?'

"I also remember going to see the second Lord Lytton at Claridge's. He took up a statueque attitude, was disconcerting for I knew his father, Lord Bulwer Lytton, whom I had caricatured, and remembering his bearded head I felt there must be some resemblance between the two men which was not visible.

"As I was going I could not find any hat, and Lord Lytton, in the most courteous manner, started to look for it. As he walked round the room, in his astrachan coat, his head bent forward, I got the impression most wanted, and all the previous sitting went for nothing.

"At the time that Parnell and Dillon were in prison, Mr. Gibson Bowles, who was then the proprietor of 'Vanity Fair,' asked me to go over and strike them. Parnell wrote me a letter saying that he would be happy to see me in Kilmainham, but before I got there another message came to say that he found he was unable to see me, as the prison authorities would not allow him to receive me privately.

"The Prince Imperial I once travelled with to Chislehurst. He was a most charming man, who talked freely of his ambition to go back to France and to be restored to the throne, and he firmly believed he would succeed."



President of the Grand Trunk Railway, the most prominent Canadian among the Titanic victims.

fuss and feathers, who were there, neither am I going to go into details regarding the horses and the various classes. I went there to enjoy myself, and it is purely as a spectator whose knowledge of horse-flesh is almost absolutely nil that I prefer to write it up.

One of the outstanding features this year was the ringmaster. Oh, a very Dickens of a ringmaster was he! Looked a bit like Pecksniff, tight trousers, high silk hat, and, believe me, a very snorter in the ring. What he didn't know about ordering about in the arenas is of no consequence. He worked like a Trojan himself, ran, leaped, flattered, bowed and scraped, and behaved himself generally like such a whirlwind of a Master of Ceremonies that he had them all, from the exhibitors to the jockeys, stepping a lively pace. Of course, the Lowes' entries were, as usual, the outstanding feature of the Show. All the old favorites, Calgary Lass, Paddy, Going Some, So Am I, Lady Tack, Katy Did, etc., were there, with a new pair of carriage horses, high-stepping hackneys, that carried everything before them.

Mr. F. C. Lowes and Mr. Lowes, Sr., drove most of their own entries. Miss Kate Lowes and Miss Elsie Miller, also causing a sensation with their splendid handling of Mr. Lowes' pure winners.

Miss Miller is a beautiful young English girl, and drives and rides with equal grace. She is a great favorite with Calgary people, as is her wee six-year old sister, who carried off the red ribbon in the Child's pony class.

The Gardiner sisters, Miss Harris, Miss Janet

ring on their ponies, in old-time cowboy recklessness. On the quick turn they were wonders, a son of Judge Winters, on one of Baron Roels' ponies, coming off first.

The high jumping on the last night was the most spectacular feature of the Show. It held the crowd breathless. "Smookey," an old cow-horse of fourteen summers or so, finally winning out.

His runner-up was "Please," a beautiful jumper owned by Baron Roels, and ridden by a young English boy in perfect style. "Please" and his mount were the favorites with the crowd, and would have been a popular win.

"Smookey" they call a devil horse, who affords them hair-raising sensations, but is spoken of as too wicked to enter a show ring.

Another of Mr. Macdonald's entries nearly killed his jockey early in the week, and there are those who claim that it got of the side of most of this exhibitor's horses should none of them be allowed to enter.

Miss Walsh took the jumps in sensational style on "Smookey," after two had break aways, but rumor has it this dare-devil rider has announced that she has ridden the horse for the last time.

Of course Society turned out en masse. Wherever you looked, you saw banks of flowers, a forest of willows, a face here and there between, resting on a seat of cushions and laces, of ermines and other costly furs. Every box was taken, and on

Continued on Page Six

THE INVESTOR

A striking example of the misrepresentation that sellers of some western property are carrying on in Eastern papers is afforded by a recent advertisement in the Montreal Standard. A picture of the famous trestle bridge on the G. T. P. crossing that Battle River is presented. Travellers over that line know how small the stream is for the greater part of the year. But in the picture snow remains in the valley though it has disappeared from the hills around and the effect is to make the reader believe that a mighty river courses along to the full width of the bridge.

The advertisement proceeds to describe the bridge as at Wainwright, though later it changes the word "at" to "near."

It continues: "Can you imagine the immense water power that will be developed on this river, and what it means for Wainwright, with its Coal Beds, Wheat Fields, its Cattle-Raising and Railroads radiating in all directions? It requires no prophet to foretell the great future of Wainwright."

It is the men who a few years ago bought lots in Edmonton, Saskatoon and other places in the Canadian West who are now rich. East Wainwright offers the same opportunity to you now.

"We are absolute owners of this subdivision, and you can be the first and original owner, and on the ground floor if you buy now. Send for Booklet and Maps."

There is nothing wrong with Wainwright. Possibly even "East Wainwright" may be all right. But the above advertisement certainly solicits people's money by false pretences. It happens that the bridge is some eight or nine miles from Wainwright and that its size is used to deceive the reader as to that of the river that it crosses.

The Camrose deputation that went east recently declared that their purpose in doing so was not only to make the possibilities of the town better known, but to correct some of the false impressions that had been given of it by irresponsible real estate boomsters. Many western communities have reason to wish to be delivered from these alleged friends and Wainwright is one of them.

Apparently those who wish to see the trade of the Fort George territory go to Vancouver are seriously alarmed over the outlook. The manager of the Bank of Vancouver at that point, Mr. F. A. Dewar, is paying a visit to the Coast city to impress upon the people there the facts of the situation.

"I am here to impress on the coast wholesale people the fact that if they do not get busy and make some arrangements about putting warehouses either at Fort George or Tete Jaune Cache, they will lose the trade of the Fort George and Peace River countries. If they do not act at once, Edmonton is going to get the business, and when it is once turned in that direction it will be practically impossible for Vancouver to recover it for years," said Mr. Dewar in an interview with the Vancouver Province.

Edmonton wholesalers seem willing to make concessions to hold the trade. The secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade has notified us that that body has already made arrangements to have a representative at Tete Jaune Cache, who will take charge of all freight shipped by Edmonton wholesalers into the Fort George country. Further arrangements have been made with the G. T. P. to make all shipments in carload lots at shippers' risk.

One Vancouver house is now making arrangements to put up a warehouse at Fort George, and in all probability will ship their goods by way of Edmonton and carry a large stock for distribution at Fort George and through the district. The people at present in the district—that is, the merchants—are very anxious to have the coast shippers retain the trade, and will do everything in their power to assist them. But, of course, with all these men it is simply a matter of dollars and cents, and they must buy in the cheapest market.

Everyone knows about the central position of Fort George as a distributing point. It is near to the centre of the Peace River district. There is no question but that the trade of Fort George will be very large, but it will simply be a drop in the bucket as compared with the trade of the Peace River district, into which thousands of people are going at present.

"The Fort George board of trade is at present arranging a plan whereby it will be able to give valuable and accurate information about any section of land in the Fort George district. We of Fort George have absolute faith in the future of Fort George and the surrounding district, both as a jobbing and commercial centre, and as the centre of a very large agricultural area, and we are to-day spending large sums in carrying out plans for a publicity bureau."

It is satisfactory to find that Edmonton business houses are on the alert. There is no question that it pays them well to be so. The coming year should see tremendous development of all kinds in what is undoubtedly the richest part of the British Columbia interior.

It is expected that work on the McArthur line to Dunvegan will be commenced by the beginning of the week after next, and be pushed ahead actively after that.

The Industrial Development Bureau of Calgary gave out the information last week that Craig & Rose, Ltd., of Edinburgh, Glasgow and London, the big paint manufacturers, have definitely decided to locate a branch in Calgary. The ground was looked over last summer and an effort was made by members of the bureau to induce them to arrive at a final decision at that time.

Negotiations are about to be closed for a site both for a factory and for a warehouse. The warehouse will be first established, and the factory will follow as soon as the company becomes familiar with the requirements of the district.

There is nothing in the whole line of Mackenzie and Mann's achievements that for successful daring can compare with the establishment of their model city on the other side of Mount Royal in Montreal, and the piercing of the mountain with a tunnel which will give an eleven-minute electric service into the heart of the metropolis. The undertaking will require millions, but judging by the way the sale of the company's land in the city of its own creation, "Mount Royal," has gone, there will be little difficulty in securing the funds from this source alone. On the first two days sales to the extent of a million and a quarter took place. The average price being paid is about \$2,300 a lot.

The Hudson's Bay Co. land holdings in Edmonton have been of interest to real estate speculators for a long while. The Winnipeg Free Press, in its extracts from its file of thirty years ago had this item the other day:

"A. W. Ross and other capitalists bought four hundred lots in Edmonton from the Hudson's Bay Company."

The biggest real estate transaction in the history of Toronto took place recently, when a thousand acres of land lying north of the C.P.R. line to the east of the city was purchased, for whom is still a mystery. There have been so many of these mysterious purchases in the Ontario capital of late that the people are very anxious to find out just what it all portends.

This acreage is in one block and extends east from a line a mile and a quarter east of Yonge street to a line two miles and a half east of Yonge. It stretches a mile north from a line drawn through Mount Pleasant cemetery, which is about three miles north of King street. The prices paid varied from \$900 up to \$4,000, and averaged \$2,000.

The figures are of interest as affording a basis of comparison with the price of acreage in western cities.

The Calgary Baseball Club, which was generally recognized as having done very much better last season than any other in the Western Canada League, finds that it had a deficit of five hundred dollars. This was the report given at the annual meeting held during the past week, and the smallness of the loss is described as "quite a unique record for a Western Canada team."

If this is the case, what is the sense of keeping on paying for a better class of baseball than the public will support? If Calgary cannot make its team, under the conditions that prevailed last year, pay its way, what chance is there for smaller places? The only satisfactory system is to accommodate the outlay for salaries to what gate receipts will pay for. The game can never be put on a permanently satisfactory basis if it is to depend each year on the subscriptions of a few enthusiasts.

The salary list of the Vancouver lacrosse team for the coming season has been published, and totals over \$25,000, the sums paid ranging from \$1,000 to \$800, and averaging about \$1,500. Such extravagance can only do the game harm. Other teams are discouraged and with competition wiped out to a very large extent there can be no returns for the money spent. Vancouver has by its commercialization of the game undone all the good that New Westminster with its home-brews did it.

The fight between Potts and Reilly at the Lyceum last Friday night left no doubt as to the popularity of the "manly art" in Edmonton. The bout was a good one, and very evenly contested, though there were many who thought that calling it a draw the referee erred on the side of Reilly, who was the man the crowd cheered for.

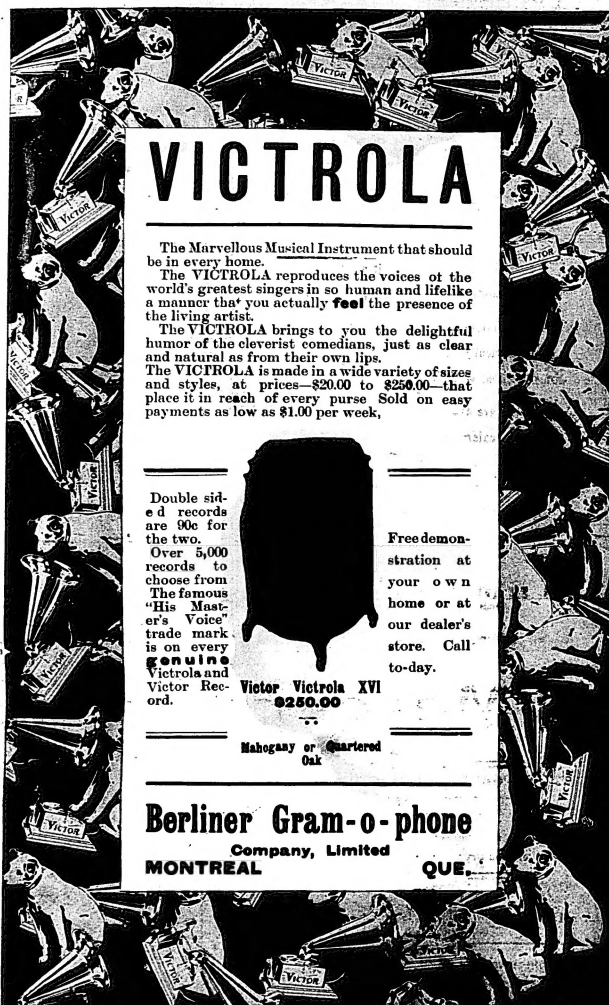
The opening games in the big league lead one to believe that there will be some reversal of the position of last year. It would not be at all surprising if the Philadelphia National should justify the strong hopes which animated their supporters during the first of last season.

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By no means "Miss Nobody from Starland," the phenomenally successful Mort H. Singer, musical comedy like any of the many noted Singers' productions, is different, in story, scenes, melodies and music, and that makes it a dominating attraction wherever it is presented. In writing the book and lyrics, Mort H. Singer, Ad-ams and Mitchell happily avoided the beaten tracks of musical comedy, and created a story which for originality of theme places "Miss Nobody from Starland" in a class by itself. That popular writer of songs, Joseph E. Howard, followed suit, and presented the show-stopping revue with some of his best music. "Miss Nobody from Starland," which will be seen here at the Empire Theatre next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 22, 23, 24, is introduced to her admirers in the opening act on board

the trans-Atlantic liner Lusitania, in which a moving sea, a realistic storm and a cargo of pretty girls are the features. The passengers heed the welcome cry of "all ashore" by dashing down a gang plank which leads them to the centre aisle in the midst of an astonished audience. But the great big feature is the dress rehearsal scene, in which the auditor is requested to imagine himself back on the stage, while a wild-eyed stage manager dauntlessly endeavors to put a company and chorus through their paces in a rehearsal which is notable for frequent laughable mishaps. Olive Vail will be seen in the title role, and the cast in support contains many well-known principals. A typical Singer chorus, which means a group of girls of unexcelled beauty, is a valuable part of the big organization which is presenting "Miss Nobody from Starland."

It is interesting to note that more than twenty mahogany-like woods are now offered as true mahogany, not to mention a considerable number of woods cunningly stained to imitate that wood. In the present circumstances, therefore, when the demand for mahogany is greater than the supply, unusual interest attaches to such woods as Capiniani or Colombian mahogany, which is acknowledged not to be mahogany, but which is so similar to it in color, grain effects and working qualities as to serve for the rare wood.

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And many other Prizes according to the simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

Each one of the above four lines of figures spells a word. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1; B number 2; C number 3; etc., throughout the alphabet.

USE YOUR BRAINS. Try and make out the four words. **ACT QUICKLY.** This is a chance for clever persons to win CASH and other PRIZES with a little effort. Write the four words, with your name and address, neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. **Act Promptly.**

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Did you ever read Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine"? No more genuinely humorous book has ever been written. Those who know it will remember its famous ghost story.

A country house had the reputation of being haunted. On a certain night each year a slamming was said to be heard at the door and the victim of an old-time tragedy would come stalking up the stairs with smoking revolver and disappear into a particular room. On the night in question the slave of "My Lady," who had scoffed at the story, declared he would sleep in the room. In the dead of the night a crash was heard in the hall below, and some of the braver guests, in peeking out from their rooms, saw the ghost, all in white, and with revolver held aloft, come up the stairs and go into the room assigned to him by the story. Next morning, with faces still blanched, they questioned the occupant of the room, who declared he had seen or heard nothing. They then described, with great detail, what they had witnessed through the cracks of their doors and this led him to remember something.

He had been awakened up with a horrible thought. The pipe that he prized above all else in life, that he had spent so many precious hours in getting to its present rich hue, had been left in the pocket of his overcoat downstairs. What if some one should happen to abstract it? He didn't wait to put on his clothes, but went down in his night-gown. He groped about among the things on the rack. The canes and umbrellas went over with a crash. But he finally located his treasure and keeping it at arm's length to avoid its coming to harm in case he stumbled he ascended to his room. As he thought things out, he had no difficulty in determining that he was the ghost, that his pipe was the smoking pistol, and that his mishap in the hall had aroused the household.

A writer in an English weekly in a much more matter-of-fact fashion tells how he laid bare a ghost. He says:

I arrived at the Hotel Menaggio, with my friend Mr. T— in September, 1891. It was a stormy evening, and we went to bed early, tired after a long journey from Maloja. I occupied a room on the top floor. On my right was an empty room with a locked communicating door. On my left was T—'s room, with a door between us unlocked.

Before I could go to sleep I was horrified to hear steps approaching my bed, and I expected to be struck the next second. I lit my candle, however, and saw that there was no one in the room. I composed myself again to sleep, and immediately the loud footsteps approached my bed. This went on until about 3 a.m., when I opened the door and asked T—, if he had heard footsteps. He had also been alarmed and unable to sleep. We then sat up till about 5, and got very little sleep before rising. The noise of the footsteps had then ceased.

About 11 o'clock I was in my bedroom when in broad daylight I heard the same firm but stealthy steps in the room. I happened to look up, when I saw that ceiling, which looked like plaster, was actually made of canvas, and that the wind caused it to roll like waves. Each roll produced a sound exactly like footsteps. The mystery was solved!

THE WORK CURE.

Old Hirma Binks never had much wealth. Or much of a chance to enjoy poor health. He couldn't afford to be downright sick. Or he would have starved, and that right quick. He never dared say that he was ill. For he never would pay a doctor's bill. So whenever life took a sombre hue, And Hirma was tired, sick and blue, He gathered himself with a sudden jerk And took a large dose of good, hard work.

When he got a cold and got it good,

He went and split up four cords of wood, When he had the misery in his back He looked for a job as a lumberjack. He didn't set 'round and whine and pout, But went right to work and beat it out. When other sick folks was a-droppin' You should just have heard the old man scoff. When the last one's gone, it's a safe bet That old Hi Binks will be workin' yet.

—Chicago Journal.

Hostess at the(conclusion of a Saturday night game of bridge) Oh, dear! Colonel Wellington, I hope you don't mind; it's ten minutes past 12 o'clock. Sunday morning, in fact!

Colonel Wellington (a strict Sabbatarian)—Not really! Dear, dear! Still, as a matter of fact, I was dumpy during the last ten minutes.—Punch.

"Talk about your easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geelhaw who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with the air town chaps."

"Did you sell 'em emmy good bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck.

"Now, I didn't," answered Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed ef th' chumps didn't buy it fer th' real thing."

Friend—How realistic your painting is. It fairly makes my mouth water.

Artist—A sunset makes your mouth water?

Friend—Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg.

A COMING TROUBLE

(La Touche Hancock, in New York Sun.) Buttons are coming into favor.—Fashion note.

Buttons! The very word makes men fly in a passion, But there's no doubt they're coming into fashion, Buttons!

Of colored crystal, horn or tortoise shell, Of everything this side of Asphodel!

Buttons! Shaped like a bell, a saucer or a star, What matter it as long as they're bizarre?

Buttons! Hundreds and thousands of them, more or less, Will grace my lady's pannier-skirted dress!

Buttons! A hideous thought! Don't keep us on the rack— You won't now, will you wear them down the back?

In the household of a certain family there is a five-year-old who is afraid of the dark. All the persuasive eloquence of the little girl's mother is required to induce the child to leave the brilliantly lighted rooms for her own dark bedroom.

One evening not long ago a whispered colloquy between mother and child finally resulted in the little one's departure to her room without further protest. When the mother returned to the dining room she said:

"After all, it is easy to handle children if only you know how. I told her that there was no reason to be afraid; that the dark was filled with angels, all watching over her. Now she is quite content to be left alone and—"

"Mamma! M a m m a!" just then piped a small, faraway voice. "Please come quick. The angels are biting me."

Little Johnnie was puzzled over the name of the explorer and asked his father about it.

"Say, how do you pronounce this first name of K-n-u-d Rasmussen—with a short u or a long one?"

Father (who, of course, doesn't know). "Oh, it doesn't make any difference."

The Boy. "Well, I guess it makes a good deal of difference whether a man is nud or nude up in the Arctic regions."



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Lefevre, Ont., April 15 (Special).—Another splendid cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills is the talk of this village. Mr. Amable Lamarche is the person cured, and the cure is vouched for by his numerous friends.

"It was a sprain and a cold that was the beginning of my trouble," Mr. Lamarche says in telling his story. "I could not sleep, my appetite was fitful and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. I was always thirsty, had a bitter taste in my mouth and perspired freely. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins."

"When my symptoms developed into rheumatism I realized that my kidneys were the cause of the trouble and I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes made me a well man."

Kidney trouble quickly develops into painful and often fatal diseases. To ensure good health, cure the first symptoms with Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail.

THE DOCTOR'S SIDE OF IT

(By Charles H. Mackintosh) Laugh, if you like, at the doctor's mistakes—

And I reckon we all make a few—

He's giving the universe more than he takes, Which is more than the most of us do!

Feather your arrows with humorous ones, And tip them with satire and bile.

But don't ask your target to join in the laugh He's entirely too busy to smile!

For Geneva Practitioner, Army of Health,

Is fighting the terrors you fear, While you are discussing his "ill-gotten wealth," (Most likely, a thousand a year)

He's saving you sickness and giving you strength, And it's easy to laugh when you're strong;

But one of your errors may get you at length And alter the pitch of your song!

Then you will remember the jests you have made And scorn his assistance, no doubt;

Or will you entreat him to fly to your aid With the skill you have jested about.

—Judge.

BORN—JACKSON—On Friday, April 12, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jackson, 511 Eighth Street, a son.

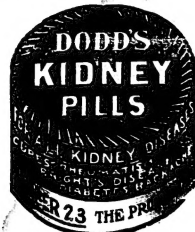
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"TRAGIC WIDOW" HAS WRITTEN A BOOK

A generation as thrilling as that of her arrest, trial and acquittal of the charge of having murdered her husband is brewing to greet the "Reminiscences" of Mme. Marguerite Steinhilf, famed as the "Tragic Widow." The book is about to be published in Paris and in London and in the "Story of My Life," Mme. Steinhilf is expected to deal with her relations with some of the most notable men and women of France. A confidante of rulers, statesmen and diplomats, she had entree into circles barred to others less beautiful and suave than she. At one time the name of Mme. Steinhilf was linked with that of President Faure of France.

Mme. Steinhilf was acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband and her step-mother. She still is a most striking figure.

Some years ago, when a girl, she was known all over France as the avowed principal in love affairs with a score of men highest in the councils of the French government. Later it became known she was an agent for the Dreyfusards, and when President Faure was found dead in her apartment gossip whispered Faure was the one obstacle in the way of a re-hearing of the famous Dreyfus case. In 1906 she was arrested for the alleged murder of her husband and step-mother. The magistrate who was to prosecute her resigned because he had been her lover, avowing that he was still her slave. Her trial stirred all the world because of the cruel questions of the judge in the case.

Adolphe Steinhilf was an artist of moderate talent who apparently loved his wife devotedly. They lived in Paris, and soon after their marriage those who knew the pair became aware Mme. Steinhilf was forming intrigues with men of the highest standing in the government. The husband never uttered a word of complaint, and through his wife's friends rose step by step to a high place in the world of Parisian art and society. The wife's gifts from her lovers kept the pair in comfortable circumstances. Her friendship with Faure brought her husband the post of Legation of Honor. Faure died on February 16, 1906.

It was announced that he died from an attack of apoplexy at the Elysee Palace. Soon afterwards, however, a gruesome story made its appearance and it never has been buried.

THE MIRROR

Continued from Page Two

each night sported various congenial little parties. The Lieutenant-Governor's box was always a centre of interest.

Mrs. Bulvea did not go down for the Show, but His Honor was there at every performance, and with his staff, and a constant stream of visitors, took a keen interest in all that was going on.

I noticed he was very popular with the ladies, and that all the Edmontonians who were there, went and paid their respects.

The Premier's box was another, towards which many loggnettes were directed. Mrs. Sifton was perhaps the stunnerest gowned woman in attendance. Her frocks were dreams, and her hat the last word in millinery. During the week she held a little court and all the prominent people present, and all her friends found a ready welcome to her loge.

The Lowes' box was, as usual, a favorite rendezvous both for those keenly interested in the horses, and also from a social point of view. Mrs. Lowes had only just returned from the East, and was in mourning for her father, the late Mr. Burnham, K.C., of Port Hope, but she took the keenest in-

terest in all the events, and on every afternoon and evening wore the loveliest black frocks and hats, and entertained the smartest parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Woods and Mrs. P. J. Nolan, all well known to Edmontonians, were among the popular box holders, whose parties were always noticeable for their beautifully frocked women, and the hospitality they extended, particularly to out-of-town visitors. Mrs. Jennings was Mrs. Woods' guest during the week, and looked remarkably pretty and smart at every performance.

Mr. Andrew Laidlaw's wife and daughter from Spokane, created a great deal of admiration, with the most gorgeous frocks and furs.

Mr. Laidlaw was one of the judges and seemed to give excellent satisfaction.

I noticed, too, the Minister of Agriculture in a box next the Premier's. Mr. Freddie McFie, who was the Lowes' guest, and other familiar faces amongst the crowd.

All in all, it was a great week.

"Next year," I kept telling people. "Edmonton will go you one better. Next year we are to have—" "La, la, la!" they replied. "We have, and what we have we'll have."

Well, perhaps—Mr. I'm a good enough sport to still lay my money on my own home town.

Continued on Page Eight



Typical "Moonshiners" home, occupied by the Allens, who shot Judge Massie, a Sheriff, and several others, as sentence was being pronounced on one of their Gang.

Music and Drama

A city that has inside of two months seen Forbes Robertson, Robert Mantell and Margaret Anglin has unquestionably emerged from the theatrical backwoods.

Miss Anglin, who opened her three days' engagement at the Empire on Thursday evening, is an actress of whom Canada has every reason to be proud. She comes of a family which has long been prominent in the East. She was born at Ottawa while her father was Speaker of the House of Commons and her brother is now one of the members of the Supreme Court of the Dominion. The place which she has secured for herself in the world of the stage is the result of years of persistent devotion to the highest ideals of her art.

The comedy in which we have the good fortune to see her this week is an admirable one, from the pen of one of the best of the younger generation of British novelists and playwrights, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose reputation was established some years ago by that powerful story, "The Four Feathers." "Green Stockings" deserves a permanent place among the standard dramas, and will doubtless be essayed by many another actress in the years to come, but a more delightful Celia Faraday is not likely to be seen than she whose acquaintance Edmonton is now making.

Another play would give a larger scope to the rare emotional power which Miss Anglin possesses, but there could be none that displays more genuine charm.

The passages in which she makes an effort to live up to the role of a bereaved fiancée are very clever.

As leading man, Miss Anglin has Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, whom playgoers of ten and twelve years ago have reason to remember for his fine work in "The Tyranny of Tears," and "A Brace of Partridges." His Colonel Vavasour was the most of a most finished actor. The subordinate roles were, as was to be expected, in most capable hands.

For Miss Anglin's engagement, the stage was enlarged to a very considerable extent which will add not a little to the effectiveness of future performances.

Mr. Sherman announces that he will start work immediately on his new theatre, and that he expects it will be ready for opening up with the great musical success, "The Spring Maid," early in July.

Alexander Pantages, the well-known vaudeville manager, was in the city during the week, and it is said had plans completed for the erection of a theatre at the southwest corner of Jasper and Second.

The organ recital given by Mr. Albert Jordan, assisted by W. Francis Firth, baritone, at the First Baptist Church on Monday night, was a notable event. Mr. Jordan deserves the reputation which he brought with him from the East. He established it while at Brantford and later at London. At the Pan-American Exposition he had the honor done him of being chosen the representative Canadian organist. Mr. Firth, who has been heard here before, made many new friends.

Mr. Watson, a London correspondent, had this



"I want a piece of meat without bone, fat or gristle." "You'd better buy an egg, mum."

The Saturday News

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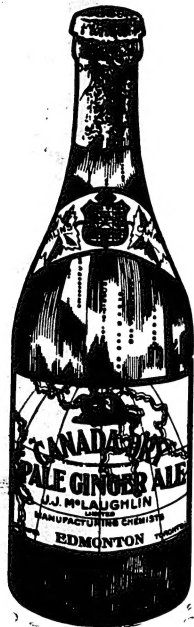
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to say in a letter despatched shortly before Mr. Edward Terry's death:

The popular comedian, Edward Terry, who it is almost superfluous to say, is in no way related to the other Terrys, is, I regret to state, seriously ill. Six months ago he had a nasty fall on the steps of his house. No grave consequences were expected, but a week ago I had a message from his wife that he was suffering from cancer and that the surgeon only gave him a fortnight more to live. Since then he has been lying in a semi-conscious state, and I gather that the end may come at any moment. Edward Terry, who is just upon 70, originally made his reputation as a burlesque actor at the Gaiety under the management of John Hollingshead. Later he developed into an eccentric comedian, built for himself a theatre in the Strand called by his own name—it is now, by the way, a cinematograph show—and made an enormous success by his first

performances undoubtedly suffered during his last Canadian tour because he carried an inadequate company. However, he was considered worthy of a given on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to London a year ago, so his glory cannot be said to have altogether departed in the metropolis.

If we are to believe the following from a Berlin correspondent, the life of the musical producer in the German capital, is not all a bed of roses:

Crown Princess Cecilie has given another proof that she has inherited the wilful, imperious spirit of her mother, Grand Duchess Anastasia, which, as is well known, overrules all obstacles.

A few evenings ago the Princess desired to attend the final popular evening concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and she instructed her master of ceremonies to reserve for her the royal box.

The directors sent her the programme, as et-



Scene from "The White Sister," at the Empire three nights beginning Thursday

production there, Arthur Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." It was in that place, which ran for nearly 700 nights, that he reached the high water mark of his reputation. Thereafter luck seemed to desert him, although he always contrived to make a pretty good thing out of touring the English provinces, Canada, South Africa and the United States. To the present generation of London playgoers he is little more than a name; their elders remember him chiefly by his really fine performance of Dick Phenyl in "Sweet Lavender."

This is probably for the most part true. Public taste, in the great cities particularly, is hard to account for. Most people on this side of the water who saw Mr. Terry would say that he did better work in "The Toy Maker of Nuremberg," and "Liberty Hall," than in his more celebrated role.

It has been said by some who followed his career that he was apt to sacrifice artistic merit to financial profit. This is not hard to believe, as his

quente requires. The Princess returned it with the comment that as all the selections were from Wagner, and as she did not care to hear Wagner music, she would arrange the program herself, and send it along later. To this the directors replied politely that the concert was already advertised as a Wagner evening, and they regretted that on this account the programme could not be altered.

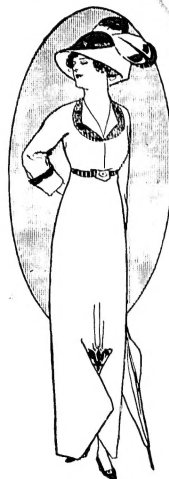
The Princess replied: "I shall arrive at the Philharmonic (the concert hall) at eight o'clock. Your programme will be Beethoven's seventh symphony, Schubert's unfinished B minor symphony, and Brahms' first symphony."

On receiving this word the directors shrugged their shoulders, and the orchestra played according to the Princess' dictation to a house crowded with music lovers assembled to hear Wagner.

The Crown Princess' autocratic manner is discussed with headshakings by politicians, who fear that characteristic, combined with the Crown Prince's impetuosity, may land Germany in trouble.



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Home and Society

Mrs. Herbert Dawson will not receive again this season.
Mrs. Dawson leaves some time next month for a visit to Australia.

Mrs. Geo. Swaisland and her children leave next month to summer at Bowen Island, taking a bungalow next to Sydney Woods, who also will be early flitters to their favorite camping ground.

Until their departure for London, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Bowker have rented the Mowat Biggar's flat in the Rene Lemarchand. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mays have bought their house on 15th street.

I regret to say that the latest reports of little Bobbie Driscoll's condition are not so encouraging as one would like, fresh complications having developed. Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll's shoals of friends in Edmonton have been very anxious with them in their long and nerve-racking watching over their little son's health, and will be hoping that the Sunny South, so kindly in its ministrations to those afflicted in body, will work yet another miracle in his case.

Mrs. James H. Smith will receive on Monday, at her home, 726 Twenty-Fourth street, for the first time since coming to Edmonton. In future she will take the first Monday of the month for her reception day.

Mrs. C. W. Cross and her children returned from a three months' visit to the Old Country on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murphy have issued invitations to a dance at the Cecil Hotel, next Friday night.

One of the prettiest visitors at the Horse Show was Miss Frankie Watson, of Portage la Prairie, who was Senator and Mrs. Loughheed's guest. Miss Watson arrives on Saturday on a visit to Mrs. Ambrose Dickens.

An engagement that will cause a great deal of interest in the Capital, is that of Miss Lillian Hardisty, the daughter of Mr. Richard Hardisty, and whose grandfather was the last Hudson Bay factor stationed at Fort Edmonton, to Mr. Arthur Lyons Biggar.

Miss Hardisty is one of the youngest and prettiest bodes of the season, and Mr. Biggar is spoken of as a clever and energetic young business man.

Good luck and best wishes to them both.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald have moved to 763 Wadhurst Park, north of Athabasca Avenue.

I came up with Dr. and Mrs. Duncan McLean from Calgary on Monday morning.

They have been spending the winter abroad, but were looking forward to getting back to Sunny Alberta.

Mrs. Percy Barnes is having a few friends in for a cup of tea to meet Mrs. McCarter this Friday afternoon.

A jolly little crowd dropped in at Mrs. D. L. Scott's for a cup of tea, and to purchase some delicious home-made candies on Wednesday afternoon, when Mrs. Scott was kind enough to lend her house for the purpose of holding an old-fashioned tea in aid of purchasing a piano for the young girls at All Saints' Home. I noticed that there weren't many Saints about, mostly Presbyterians, but the tea tasted no less good on that account, and over twenty-five dollars was cleared for the fund. Smart waitresses, the Misses Scott, the Misses Gifford, Miss Barnes, Miss Down, Miss Bessie Forin and Miss Aloysia McKenny, looked after the dainty tea-tables, and were looked at longingly by those who are maidless, while Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick had the candy table in charge.

Mrs. Buieya, I hear, will spend the summer at Government House, and will not make her customary stay at her summer home in Peachland, B.C.

Mr. Guy Marriott has his mother, Mrs. Marriott, of Toronto, well-known to many Edmontonians, with him on a visit.

Of those who went down on the ill-fated Titanic, none perhaps will be more genuinely mourned among his friends, than Mr. Hugo Ross, of Winnipeg. He was a blithe, buoyant spirit. In a comparatively short life, he had had enough ups and downs for a dozen men. But he always bobbed up serene, and I can hear him now telling me, as he did only a few short months ago, of his struggles in the Yukon, his financial straits, and his gradual recovery of himself and his fortunes.

Life never lagged with him. He was always on

the firing line, and he had one big enthusiasm, his mother. To her he was a real pal as well as a devoted son, and I know to-day that from those who knew them both, will go out a great deal of sympathy to the mother who mourns his loss, as well as his entire family.

I hear that the Daughters of Mercy cleared two hundred and fifty dollars at their very successful Rose Ball.

Mrs. Geo. Hunt has her sister-in-law, Miss Hunt, of Winnipeg, with her on a visit.

Mrs. Park will be the hostess of a young people's Bridge on Monday night, in honor of her sister, Miss McKay.

I never heard so much gossip in all my life about stockings as I have this week over a certain pair of Green Ones, that are announced to trip across the stage, the last three days of this week, on the person of a very charming and talented Canadian girl, Miss Margaret Anglin.

Everyone wants to see them, according to Mr. Russell, manager of the Empire Theatre. And those who see them once, get the habit, and want to go all over again, which is naughty, but very human. Those who miss getting a glimpse, presumably would pass up Heaven, unless they were led there on a chain.

This is Friday—this morning a man telephoned me that he had laughed more over last night's performance, than he had in the last ten years. Don't miss it.

Mr. Russell tells me, too, of a splendid list of early forthcoming attractions.

"Miss Nobody from Starland," on next week, a musical comedy with a record run to its credit.

Elsie Janis, the very clever young actress and mimic, May Robson, "The White Sister," "The Miss Fixit Opera Co.," and I don't know what more.

Mr. Russell is doing the right thing by the Capital, and should have the loyal support of its citizens. This week he is adding still further improvements to his Theatre, and enlarging the stage to almost twice its present capacity, while the architects for the new theatre are already on their way to the city.

The death of Mr. John Cadogan, early in the week came as a great shock to his friends, particularly to the members of the Edmonton Club, among whom perhaps he was best known.

There are many sad features in his taking off. He had no relatives in this country; had been a man prominent and highly connected at home, and his death, practically alone, in a public hospital, seems to accentuate how many lonely existences are led, right in our midst, by some of the legion that never are listed, but who are somehow or other, the salt of the earth.

The opening of the new Royal Alexandra Hospital was held on Thursday afternoon of this week, with a small informal dance in the evening, but I must hold over any reference to it until our next issue.

Three of the smartest affairs held during Horse Show week in Calgary were luncheons given in the Alexandra Hotel by Mrs. Lowes and Mrs. Arthur Sifton. At the first the table decorations consisted of a great mound of daffodils with the brown and gold of the Show colors, introduced in tiny horse shoes around its edge. The guests at this most elaborate luncheon were Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Bert Woods, Mrs. Grogan and Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Balmer Watt, of Edmonton, in honor of whom the affair was given.

At Mrs. Sifton's luncheon the table was almost covered with American Beauty roses and carnations, and among the guests were Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Andrew Laidlaw, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Sisley, and Mrs. Bert Woods.

Miss Irene Love also gave a charming tea at the King Edward Grill, when a number of prominent visitors to the Horse Show, and a sprinkling of the Press women, were the honored guests. Miss Love has made a big success of her literary work, and was a delightful hostess.

Mr. Howard Douglas's Bridge for her daughter, Mrs. McCarter, on Monday afternoon, drew five tables of the Smart Set, to a jolly game under the hospitable new roof-tree.

Mr. Douglas looked as pretty as a picture in his new overcoat, with rich jet garniture, and Mrs. McCarter wore a changeable silk creation of strawberry tones, with a stunning tunic, into which a gold was introduced. Her jewels were magnificent—diamonds and rubies. Mrs. Charlesworth and Mr. Sanders captured the attractive prizes.

I am holding over the account of Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick's Bridge of eleven tables, held on Thursday evening, until next week, owing to pressure on space.

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